

# UNITED WAR WORK CAMPAIGN

THOS. H. WEST, Chairman

## VICTORY THANKS MEETING COLISEUM

Monday Evening, November 18th

Hon. HENRY W. KIEL,  
Presiding

Concert, 7:30 to 8:10 o'clock \_\_\_\_\_ Great Lakes Band

Entr' Acts Carmen (Bizet) \_\_\_\_\_ St. Louis Symphony Orchestra  
Max Zach, Conductor

Invocation, Rabbi Leon Harrison

America \_\_\_\_\_ By the Audience

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Most Rev. J. J. Glennon

Community Singing \_\_\_\_\_ Led by Ralph Stolz, Y. M. C. A. Song Leader

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Wm. H. Danforth  
Just returned from seven months service abroad

Marseillaise (In French) \_\_\_\_\_ Knights of Columbus Choral Club  
William Theodore Driebels, Conductor

Community Singing \_\_\_\_\_ Ralph Stolz, Leading

Address \_\_\_\_\_ Daniel A. Poling, L. L. D.  
Direct from the Front Line Trenches

Battle Hymn of the Republic \_\_\_\_\_ Morning Choral Society  
Charles Galloway, Conductor

Southern Rhapsodie (Hosmer) \_\_\_\_\_ St. Louis Symphony Orchestra  
Max Zach, Conductor

Address. The United War Work Campaign \_\_\_\_\_ Vincent L. Price

Star Spangled Banner \_\_\_\_\_ Apollo Club  
Charles Galloway, Conductor

Benediction



1  
AMERICA

Words:  
Samuel Francis Smith

My country, 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing,  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and temple'd hills;  
My heart with rapture thrills  
Like that above.

2

THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

Words:  
D. T. Shaw

Music:  
Thomas A. Becket

Columbia, the gem of the ocean,  
The home of the brave and the free;  
The shrine of each patriot's devotion,  
A world offers homage to thee;  
Thy mandates make heroes assemble,  
When Liberty's form stands in view,  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

Chorus:

Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue,  
Three cheers for the Red, White, and Blue.  
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,  
When borne by the Red, White, and Blue.

3

KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

(Till the Boys Come Home)

Words:  
Lena Guilbert Ford

Music:  
Ivor Novello

They were summoned from the hillside,  
They were called in from the glen,  
And the Country found them ready  
At the stirring call for men.  
Let no tears add to their hardships,  
As the Soldiers pass along,  
And although your heart is breaking,  
Make it sing this cheery song.

Refrain:

Keep the Home-fires burning,  
While your hearts are yearning,  
Though your lads are far away,  
They dream of Home;  
There's a silver lining,  
Through the dark clouds shining,  
Turn the dark cloud inside out,  
Till the boys come Home.

4

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE!

Words:  
Geo. Asaf

Music:  
Felix Powell

Private Perks is a funny little dodger,  
With a smile, a funny smile.  
Five feet none, he's an artful little dodger  
With a smile, a funny smile.  
Flush or broke he'll have his little joke,  
He can't be suppressed.  
All the other fellows have to grin  
When he gets this off his chest, Hi!

Chorus:

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag,  
And Smile, Smile, Smile,  
While you've a incifer to light your fag,  
Smile, boys, that's the style.  
What's the use of worrying?  
It never was worth while, so  
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag;  
And Smile, Smile, Smile.

5

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Words:  
Stoddard King

Music:  
Zoe Elliot

Nights are growing very lonely,  
Days are very long;  
I'm a growing weary only,  
Listening for your song.  
Old remembrances are thronging  
Thro' my memory.  
Till it seems the world is full of dreams  
Just to call you back to me.

All night long I hear you calling,  
Calling sweet and low;  
Seem to hear your footsteps falling,  
Everywhere I go.  
Tho' the road between us stretches  
Many a weary mile.  
I forget that you're not with me yet,  
When I think I see you smile.

Chorus:

There's a long, long trail a winding,  
Into the land of my dreams,  
Where the nightingales are singing,  
And a white moon beams;  
There's a long, long night of waiting,  
Until my dreams all come true;  
Till the day when I'll be going down  
That long, long trail with you.

## HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Words:  
Joseph Hopkinson

Music:  
Phillip Phyle

Hail, Columbia! happy land!  
Hail! ye heroes, heav'n-born band!  
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,  
And when the storm of war was gone  
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.  
Let independence be our boast,  
Ever mindful what it cost,  
Ever grateful for the prize,  
Let its altar reach the skies.

## Chorus:

Firm, united, let us be,  
Rallying round our liberty!  
As a band of brothers joined,  
Peace and safety we shall find.

Immortal patriots, rise once more!  
Defend your rights, defend your shore;  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Let no rude foe, with impious hand,  
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,  
Of toil and blood the well-earned prize,  
While off'ring peace, sincere and just,  
In Heav'n we place a manly trust,  
That truth and justice shall prevail,  
And ev'ry scheme of bondage fail.

## Chorus:

## THE BATTLE CRY OF FREEDOM

Words and Music by George F. Root

Yes, we'll rally 'round the flag, boys, we'll rally once again  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;  
We will rally from the hillside, we'll gather from the plain,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

## Chorus:

The Union forever, Hurrah! boys, Hurrah!  
Down with the traitor, and up with the Star;  
While we rally 'round the flag, boys, rally once again,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

We are springing to the call of our brothers gone before,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom;  
And we'll fill the vacant ranks with a million freemen more,  
Shouting the battle cry of freedom.

## Chorus:

## DIXIE LAND

Words and Music by Dan Emmett

I wish I was in de land ob cotton,  
Old times dar am not forgotten,  
Look-away! Look-away! Look-away! Dixie Land.  
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,  
Early on one frosty mornin',  
Look-away! Look-away! Look-away! Dixie Land.

## Chorus:

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!  
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand, to lib and die in Dixie,  
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie,  
Away, Away, Away down south in Dixie.

Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter,  
Makes you fat or a little fatter;  
Look-away! Look-away! Look-away! Dixie Land.  
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,  
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble,  
Look-away! Look-away! Look-away! Dixie Land.

## Chorus:

## YANKEE DOODLE

Words:  
Dr. Shamburg

Music:  
Old Air; Unknown

Father and I went down to camp  
Along with Captain Goodwin,  
And there we saw the men and boys  
As thick as hasty pudding.

## Chorus:

Yankee doodle, keep it up,  
Yankee doodle dandy;  
Mind the music and the step,  
And with the girls be handy.

And there was Captain Washington  
Upon a slapping stallion,  
A giving orders to his men,  
I guess there was a million.

## Chorus:

## JOAN OF ARC, THEY ARE CALLING YOU

Chorus:

Joan of Arc,  
Joan of Arc,  
Do your eyes, from the skies, see the foe?  
Don't you see the drooping Fleur-de-lis?  
Can't you hear the tears of Normandy?  
Joan of Arc,  
Joan of Arc,  
Let your spirit guide us through;  
Come lead your France to victory;  
Joan of Arc, they are calling you.

Alsace is sighing,  
Lorraine is crying;  
Their mother, France, looks to you.  
Her sons at Verdun,  
Bearing the burden,  
Pray for your coming anew;  
At the Gates of Heaven, do they bar your way?  
Souls that passed through yesterday.

Chorus:

## 11

## THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

Words:  
Francis Scott Key

Music:  
John Stafford Smith

Oh, say can you see, by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming,  
Whose broad stripes and bright stars thro' the perilous fight  
O'er the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming?  
And the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air,  
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.

Chorus:

Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?

On the shore dimly seen thro' the mist of the deep,  
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,  
What is that which the breeze o'er the towering steep,  
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?  
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,  
In full glory reflected, now shines in the stream.

Chorus:

'Tis the star-spangled banner, oh! long may it wave  
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## "FOR THE BOYS OVER THERE"

Words:  
Gus Kahn

Music:  
Egbert Van Alstyne

From the sunny slopes of California  
To the rock bound coast of Maine,  
From the south and north they are marching forth,  
Shall we let them call on us in vain?  
There is work for those they leave behind them,  
They will need our loving care—  
And a helping hand will find them  
If we all but do our share.

Chorus:

Let us all get together for the boys over there,  
Who gave up their all for you;  
If we give them our money and our loving care,  
That's the least that we can do;  
Night and day they will be fighting  
So that you and I may live;  
So let's all get together for the boys over there  
And give! give! give! Let us give!

They have said good-bye to those who love them,  
Left behind the things most dear,  
They have given all, when they heard the call,  
Shall we be content to stand and cheer?  
When our children read the won'rous story  
How a lasting peace was won—  
We shall have our share of glory  
If our work is nobly done.

Chorus:

## 13

## "WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME"

When Johnny comes marching home again,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,  
The ladies they will all turn out,  
And we'll all feel gay when  
Johnny comes marching home!

The old church bell will ring with joy,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
To welcome home our darling boy,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The village lads and lassies gay  
With roses they will strew the way,  
And we'll all feel gay when  
Johnny comes marching home!

Get ready for the jubilee,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
We'll give the heroes three times three,  
Hurrah! Hurrah!  
The laurel wreath is ready now  
To place upon his loyal brow,  
And we'll all feel gay when  
Johnny comes marching home!